

# Killa from the Villa

## Buddha Monk

[intro: buddha monk]  
Hahahaahahahahahahahaha  
Once again it's the God buddha monk  
Representin the zu  
1-1-2, 4-4-1 franklin av.  
Peace to all my niggaz  
The rza, knowwhati'msayin?  
We gon' drop this track for my nigga, y-kim  
And q-base. and it's deadly, deadly.[chorus: buddha monk]  
Ah, it's the killa straight from the villa  
Ah, it's the killa straight from the villa  
Ah, it's the killa straight from the villa  
Ah, it's the killa straight from the villa  
Thriller, pealer, mind cell dweller[buddha monk]  
There's no need to get frantic  
The zu attacks minds and shit gets real hectic  
Makin the kill like 7 masters  
Tearin up the skills with total disaster  
I'm after punk-ass niggaz with laughter  
Puttin stains in their raps, here, now and after  
You want to test the style of the shaolin foe?  
The cut comes from far, it is eyes, noses and souls  
That's not enough time to lick nuff shots  
The tech, the callico and one in the block  
The 3 is for the kill, that kills and wrecks skills  
It doesn't really matter how you feel, I want you ill  
If you dare peepin skills, pullin vains, holes in shins  
Only thing that's left is eyes, noses and chins  
Who, tell me? who, tell me? who, tell me?  
Can be known within...[chorus][buddha monk]  
I see it in your eyes and you're scared to fuckin death  
You fuck around boy, I cut your fuckin neck  
Your styles is wack like that of, um, a hot mode  
Man over sightly with spiritual powders  
I'm deadly to the grain with my brooklyn zu slang  
A killa that leaves no trace or blood stains  
You're fucked up, now it's time to go dirt for dirt  
You want the zu name, for that you must work  
You should've been taught 7 scores and 5 mics ago

I take life like my mad fidel castro  
There's war, things ain't just peace no more  
I come thru like a texas chainsaw  
F.a. is where I rock with twin glocks  
Makin shit hot, rockin mad peoples knots  
You're hit, then you bleed, then you say you're shit  
You wish I disappeared by same this I'll fix[chorus][buddha monk]  
Behold, I'm the foe that stands in the chamber  
I'm mr. ripyou when releasin the danger  
Monk, receiver and teaches us all things that you need  
Snatchin niggaz by the neck and the mother feels the pain  
Lyrical master with diaster, blaow!  
Push yor caps back like burnin dutch masters  
The sword of my click is crazy mad thick  
Makin deep cuts 'cause I'm sick of all this shit  
That's my style, son, I'm ready for the war  
The hits from the god, prepare to hit the floor  
Sparks of an element, movin in a 7  
Feelin the wrath of the buddha, no wait for you to check it  
Check this, here's the killa thru this danger  
Not enough, enters 36 chambers  
Heads that feel, that thrills with a new skill  
Burns the eyes, kills like electric eels  
Kill has been told, what's the shaolin foes gold?  
Cut razor sharp, inflict holes in souls  
Master of disaster, wu tapes are raptures  
Cut many ducks, became a grand master  
You want to oppose this deadly technique  
Buddha's knowledge is wicked, wicked like 10 priests \*echos\*[chorus][outro: buddha monk]  
You don't understand!  
You don't motherfuckin understand!  
Don't fuck with the brooklyn zu  
If you don't have the motherfuckin skills!  
You bitch-ass mothafuckers can suck my dick!!  
Don't fuck with the brooklyn zu!!  
Suck my motherfuckin dick!!

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